

THE MAIL CARRIER

His Christmas Delivery Proved an Eventful One

By HELEN C. CHAMBERS

Monson was a mail carrier on route 3, rural tree delivery. Being in a sparsely settled country he covered the route but once a day, and the distance was considerable. Monson drove a four wheeled one horse coach with a leather pouch attached to the dashboard facing him with different pockets in it. In one he kept the letters he collected for the post, in another those for delivery.

Monson was twenty-three years old, a good looking fellow and of a cheery disposition. He knew every one along his route, and every one knew him. He especially knew the girls who had sweethearts in other places, for they were always out looking for him as far as they could see him, anxiously waiting for letters from their lovers. Now and again when he was obliged to disappoint some lass day after day by not having a letter for her, when he did have one he would hold it up for her to see long before he reached her.

Monson gathered stories from the letters he delivered and the manner in which they were received. Only the most self poised maidens carried their letters into the house without breaking the seal. The others took them open impatiently and read them before the carrier's eyes. He became so skilled in reading the epistles through the faces of the recipients that he was seldom mistaken in the principal part of their contents. At one time upon delivering a letter, noting the girl's expression, he would say to himself, "Loves me;" at another it would be, "Loves me not."

To one girl, Daisy Harkness, Monson was accustomed to deliver letters addressed in a masculine hand replete with flourishes. They came very irregularly and were postmarked from different places. "That fellow," said Monson to himself, "is no good. He makes too many big tails to his G's and his J's. He's a rolling stone and gathers no moss. He doesn't care anything for Daisy and is fooling her."

What a pity Daisy herself, who knew her lover personally and read every word of his letters, could not have interpreted him as Monson did! Many a time when the carrier saw her waiting for a letter that he did not have for her he would frown and utter a suppressed malediction upon the recreant lover, muttering that he wished a letter from himself would do as well; he would be sure to have a long one for her every day. But when he reached her he would greet her with a cheery smile, saying reassuringly: "None today, but when I left the post-office half the mails were late, having been delayed by a freshet that interrupted traffic. I'm quite sure yours will be along tomorrow." Daisy could not but smile through the moisture that gathered in her eyes and was always touched by the carrier's sympathy for her in her disappointment.

It is said pity is akin to love, but it is rather singular that Monson should have grown to love Daisy through sympathy for her in her disappointment in another man. Nevertheless such is the case. From dreading to have no letter from her lover to give her he came to dread giving her one. Every time he produced a missive addressed in the well known hand the flourishes were more hateful to him. Daisy grew fond of confiding her hopes and her fears with regard to her lover to Monson, who was not long in coming to the conclusion that Rube, as she called her correspondent, was not only fooling her, but there was something bad about him. However, he had the good sense to understand that should he attempt to warn her he would make an enemy of her.

Christmas was at hand, and the mails were carrying gifts, some of which were in the shape of money. One day Monson on approaching Daisy, who was waiting for Rube's letter, sang out:

"Not the one you want today, but another, and I'll bet it contains a Christmas gift. I can tell by the feel of it."

Monson said this simply to soften her disappointment at not hearing from Rube and had no expectation of predicting the truth. When Daisy opened the letter in his presence and took out a ten dollar bill he was quite delighted. Daisy was somewhat consoled.

"I must write Rube about that," she said. "Isn't it queer that you should have been able to tell by feeling the letter that there was money in it?"

"There's a lot of 'em during these Christmas times with money in 'em. There being no bank in this region, the only way to send Christmas gifts in funds is to send the cash. I wish they wouldn't do it. I don't like the responsibility of carrying 'em. If some villain should get on to it he might hold me up and take 'em away from me."

The expression of anxiety for him that came over Daisy's face was grateful indeed to the carrier.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed with a gasp. "I wish Christmas was over."

Monson drove on, but so delighted was he with this ingenuous expression

of interest in him that he made several blunders in his deliveries.

The day before Christmas it came on to snow, and when Monson started out on his route he took a sleigh he often used in winter instead of his coach. He was glad of the snow, for he was loaded down with packages and letters, and there was more room in the sleigh than in the coach. Before leaving to make his deliveries he took a revolver from a drawer in the postoffice and put it in his overcoat pocket.

The snow was falling in great flakes as Monson drove along the road, and since it was known that he would be a veritable Santa Claus, there were many children out at the delivery boxes to take what he might have for them from his hands. Monson could see them ahead of him, running out to intercept him, for they could hear his sleigh bells jangling for a long distance. Then when he came up what a center there would be! "Anything for me?" "That box is mine, I know," "Oh, please!" "I reckoned on getting at least one gift by this mail." These are a few of the exclamations that greeted the carrier.

It was not long before he passed beyond the houses near the postoffice and entered the thinly settled district that comprised the main part of his route. On reaching Daisy's home she was not waiting for him; but, seeing him trying to hang a package on to the delivery box, she came out and took it from him. "Merry Christmas!" he said. "Sorry I have no letter for you from Rube."

"You have had none for me for a week. I wrote him the day you handed me my Christmas gift of money, and he telephoned me that he was going away for a long while. I expect he has deserted me."

Monson tried to cheer her, but his effort was half hearted. Besides, he had so many deliveries to make that he was in a hurry. So he started on, but, having gone a short distance, turned and saw Daisy looking after him. It seemed, wistfully, he sighed, for he knew that she was having trouble with her lover. He was sure she would suffer, and he feared Rube might bring her more distress than by a simple desertion.

Monson now began to pass over a part of his route where the distances between the houses were great. Leaving some gifts and letters at a dwelling, he started to cover a distance of two miles before he would reach another. While passing through a lonely place a man suddenly stepped from behind a tree with a gun aimed directly at the carrier, and cried out:

"Stop! I want some o' that!" Monson had a robe over his lap tucked under him on each side. Before he could get out his revolver the man would have bored a hole in him. He had his whip in his hand and his pipe in his mouth. He had filled and lit the latter before starting to make the long distance between houses, and replaced a tin box holding his tobacco in his left vest pocket. He gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip, and the animal shot ahead over the level road. The carrier heard a shot and at the same time felt a blow in the region of his heart. He supposed that he would soon die and was absorbed in getting the mail as far from the robber as possible before he succumbed.

He got away without being hit again and when he felt safe threw open his clothing to examine his wound. He found a hole through coat and overcoat, and his tobacco box dented. His pipe was still in his mouth and he was unconsciously puffing away lustily. The mail was saved and he was happy.

Having completed his delivery, he returned and on coming to the spot where the attempted holdup had taken place he left his sleigh and went to the tree from behind which he had been fired at. The snow was beaten down about it, but tracks of a pair of "toothpick" shoes pointed into the woods. Monson followed them for a short distance, when they turned in toward the road, where he lost them.

But before he went home he selected a perfect imprint of the shoe and made a drawing the exact size of it. This he gave to the police, and within a few days Monson was called to look at a prisoner who had been arrested. It was the man who had attempted to rob him.

The next time he passed Rube's sweetheart on his route she did not appear, the blinds were drawn and the carrier knew that there was trouble within. Having a letter for her, addressed in Rube's handwriting, he took it to the house and knocked on the door. The girl appeared, but not the girl she had been. Suffering was stamped on her features. She took the letter, read it and covered her face with her hands. The paper fell to the ground and Monson took it up. She motioned him to read it.

Rube begged her to intercede with the letter carrier to save him from punishment. He was the man who had attempted the robbery.

The next Christmas brought a great change between the letter carrier and the girl. Monson was not sure that Rube was the man who had attacked him—that is, he could not swear to his identity, and the rascal escaped, much to Monson's relief. After that the carrier, instead of delivering letters from another to the girl, wrote them himself. The reason for his doing this was that, having no letters for her when he passed her house, she didn't come out to meet him. She understood, and it was not long before she was going out to meet the carrier, and he was no longer at the trouble of writing.

The next Christmas eve there was a wedding party at her house, at which Monson figured as groom. Another carrier was put on the route, for Monson had saved a little money, which he put with some belonging to his bride and opened a country store.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Just a Bit of Life as It Cropped Out on a Railway Train.

A TOUCH OF REAL HUMANITY.

The Rough Looking Man Who Proved That His Heart Was Big and in the Right Place and the Shabby but Grateful Foreigner He Befriended.

"Whenever I hear anything nowadays about 'man's inhumanity to man,'" said a Providence citizen the other day, "I am reminded of a little incident. I was coming back from Boston with a friend on the midnight train, and, getting on board at the Back Bay station, we found a seat near the rear end of the car."

"Soon after the train pulled out I happened to look around and saw the conductor apparently expostulating with a rather shabby looking specimen of humanity who was sitting in the last seat. At first I thought the man was drunk, but as I watched I saw that he was a foreigner who couldn't understand English. He was holding out a crumpled one dollar bill to the conductor and saying 'New York' over and over again."

"Finally the conductor shook his head, said something I couldn't catch and went on. The foreigner, a rather decent looking young fellow, gazed at him despairingly, then buried his face in his hands and began to cry. With the usual callous indifference of the traveling public to the troubles of any one else, I paid no more attention to the man and prepared to take a nap."

"I was just beginning to doze when I became aware that a man was standing beside me in the aisle, speaking to me. I sat up and looked at him. He was a rough appearing man, far from prepossessing, clean shaven, with a sort of bulldog face."

"Say, gent," he began, "I want to know if you wouldn't like to help a fellow out."

"I stiffened instinctively, determined to refuse to let him make a 'touch.' 'There's a poor young foreigner back there,' he went on with a jerk of his thumb toward the alien, still sitting with bowed head, 'and he's up against it for fair. He can't speak a word of English, and he wants to go to New York, where he has friends.'"

"He got the idea somehow he could do it for a dollar, all he's got; but, of course, he can't, and they're going to put him off the train when we get to Providence. It's mighty hard on a fellow like him, and there ain't any telling what'll happen to him getting put off in a strange city at 1 o'clock in the morning. I thought maybe you'd be willing to give a little to help him along.'"

"He stopped, looked us straight in the eye and smiled sheepishly as if he were ashamed of what he was doing. We gave him a dollar, and he went on through the car, and there were few of the passengers who didn't respond to the appeal. He came back counting the money, and as he got to our seat I heard him say:

"There's a dollar more needed—I'll make it up myself! and he pulled out a couple of fifty cent pieces and added them to the amount."

"The conductor and the brakeman were standing at the door of the car near the foreigner's seat."

"Here," said the man who had collected the money to the alien; "give me your dollar."

"Dumbly, but trustingly, the young fellow handed it over, and, giving it to the conductor with the rest, the bulldog man said gruffly:

"There's his fare."

"It slowly dawned on the alien what had been done for him, and as the conductor punched the rebate check and handed it to him the gratitude in his face was indescribable. He couldn't speak, but he took his cap off and bowed again and again to the official, but the latter pointed to the passenger who was sitting in his seat across the aisle and told the youth that he was the one to thank."

"The foreigner crossed the aisle till he stood squarely in front of his benefactor, took off his cap and, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, bowed again and again. It was evident enough that the benefactor was embarrassed by this unexpected outburst. At first he waved his hand around the car to indicate that everybody had had a hand in it. But he couldn't make the foreigner understand. The latter kept on bowing, whereupon the uncomfortable individual in the seat grunted and turned to look out of the window."

"I have never seen," concluded the man who was telling the story, "a kinder—if I were a girl I should say a sweeter—act of charity in my life. Sitting across the aisle, this hard faced man had heard the story of the foreigner, helpless, alone and frightened, and out of pure goodness of heart, without any necessity for doing it, he had taken upon himself the ungrateful task of soliciting money from the rest of the people in that car to help out a man he'd never seen before and would probably never see again."—Providence Journal.

The New Star.

"How did you become an actor? I suppose you studied Shakespeare and other masters for many weary hours."

"Not exactly," responded the prominent star. "I became an actor by making a three base hit in a pinch."—Pittsburgh Post.

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express. Bacon.

GET WHAT YOU WANT.

You Can Finally Grasp It if You Are Persistent and Patient.

Get what you want in this world. It's here waiting for you. All you have to do is to reach for it. If you reach hard enough and far enough and long enough you'll get it, no matter what it is you want.

Suppose you are foolish enough to want great wealth. You can get it. But to get it you must make up your mind that you want wealth; that you want it above everything else in the world.

Observe an industrious alien with a pushcart. He wants \$1,000. He sleeps in a cellar. He rises at 4. He works till 10 at night. He denies himself food to save. Some day he will have his thousand dollars.

"But," you protest, "I can't sleep in a cellar. I'm above running a pushcart." Very well, then. There is little likelihood that you will ever be rich. There are other things that you want more than wealth—your comfort, your social position.

Suppose you are more sensible. Suppose that it is success you want. Good! There are few joys in this world that can compare with the joy of achievement. Set your mark and start climbing toward it. You'll reach it if you keep at it. Be persistent and be patient. If you are in Maine you can't wish yourself in California. You can't get there overnight, either. But you'll get there some time if you start and keep going, even if you go on your hands and knees.

But remember this: No man ever climbs higher than the mark he sets himself. No man ever reaches the top walking sideways. No man achieves who keeps turning back.

And one thing more: Pick your apple carefully before you start to climb the tree. Some apples are sour.—William Johnston in American Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

Neither Original Nor Enlightened, Is Helen Keller's Verdict.

I doubt if the women in "Shakespeare's comedies are to be taken seriously. They are pretty creatures intended to be played by boys. They are the vehicle of any more or less fitting strain of poetry which happens to please the poet. Alice in Wonderland is a very real little girl, but one would not make a grave, scholarly analysis of the traits of character which she displays in her encounter with the mock turtle. Neither should we press too heavily upon Shakespeare's poetry to extract his beliefs about women. The unrivaled sonnets voice the praise and also the petulant dissatisfaction of a man in love or pretending to be in love for the purpose of poetry. The woman worship in the sonnets and in the glowing passages of the plays spoken by gallants in pursuit of their ladies is only the conventional romanticism common in medieval and renaissance literature.

Shakespeare's phrasing outlives that of all other poets. But his ideas of women are neither original nor enlightened. In studying the social ideas of a writer and his time we often learn more from his unconscious testimony than from his direct eloquence. Portia is wise, witty, learned, disguised as a man; but she is disposed of without protest through her father's will and its irrational accidents to a commonplace bankrupt courtier, and the tacit implication is that she is happily bestowed. Where Shakespeare brings Portia's career to an end a modern comedy would begin. In the other plays the delightful heroine is hurried off at the close of the fifth act into the possession of a man whom she would not look at if she were as wise and strong and witty as the situations have represented her.—Helen Keller in Metropolitan.

Punsters.

Douglas Jerrold, when challenged to make a pun on the zodiac, replied, "By Gemini, I can—er."

Theodore Hook, when he was improvising at a party, and a Mr. Winter, a well known inspector of taxes, was announced, went on without a moment's break in his performance:

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes. I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes. I'd advise ye to give him without any summer. For though his name's Winter his actions are summary.

The Danger.

A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law yet alive.

"My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."—Nes Loising.

Cause and Effect.

"Mrs. Smythe has a beautiful new plume for her hat."

"I thought so. I just met her husband."

"Did he tell you about it?"

"No, but he looked as if he had just been plucked."—Houston Post.

Backhanded.

Bess—I don't like that Mr. Cutting. Jess—That's kind of you. I heard him say something awfully sweet about you yesterday. Bess—Oh, did he? What was it? Jess. He said he imagined you must have been perfectly charming as a girl.—Cleveland Leader.

A Buttonhole.

Little Bess—How do you make button holes, Nellie? Little Nell—Oh, just take a hole and sew eye winkers all round it.—Chicago News.

FORT HILL.

Dec. 23, 1912.

Samuel Stults and wife, of Hillsboro, spent the latter part of the week with the former's brother, L. W. Stults and wife.

Jane and Grace Havens called on Bessie Butler Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Celia Grove returned here Saturday, after spending a few weeks with relatives near Sinking Springs. Jas. Deardoff, Vena Rhoads and George Burnes were business visitors in Bainbridge Saturday afternoon.

Benson Butler and Isaac Bobb took dinner with Ova Havens Sunday.

Anna Deardoff called on Mrs. Anna Rhoads Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Maud Matthews and sister, Miss Bess L. Butler and nephew, Benson Butler, were business visitors in Hillsboro last week and visited at the home of Chas. Swadley and wife.

Wm. Waddell and Carl Eubanks were shopping in Hillsboro Saturday.

Mrs. S. S. Deardoff and Mrs. Bennett called on Mrs. Maud Matthews Sunday afternoon.

O. C. Carter and family, of Greenfield, have moved to their farm in Bellhollow.

BUFOFD.

Dec. 23, 1912.

Geo. Earhart, Sr., of Hamersville, visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. L. J. Tolle is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vaughn, at Samantha.

Mrs. Peter Yochum, Sr., died at her home this morning of pneumonia.

Walter Fite, of Montgomery, is visiting his parents, H. L. Fite and wife.

George Colvin and wife are spending the holidays with relatives at Cincinnati.

Mrs. Emma Lewis visited Rev. C. J. Kelch and family last Tuesday and Wednesday at Cincinnati.

Lawrence Puckett, who has been employed near Georgetown, is at home on a visit.

Sedley Roberts and Miss Marie Tolle were married last Wednesday at Cincinnati by Rev. Kelch.

J. F. Moberly and wife, of Washington State, are visiting relatives here.

Prof. Wm. Brown, of Middletown, is spending his vacation with home folks.

A. A. Davis spent Saturday night with his parents at Williamsburg.

Regular preaching service next Sunday evening at the M. E. church.

Notice!

John Pfarr will clean and press and mend that suit until it will look as good as new. I also do dry cleaning. Give me a call. Brunner's Shoe Shop. adv

Scarborough Real Estate. adv

Judge—(sternly)—To what do you attribute your downfall?

Culprit—The first drink I ever took was one you bought for me when you were trying to get my vote.—Puck.

A new roofing material is steel coated with lead.

"What I want is a wife who is thoroughly domestic."

"Of course, every woman should be familiar with how to live in a first-class hotel."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Milwaukee working girls are organizing co-operative buying clubs to reduce the cost of living.

Attempts to introduce merry grounds and other amusement devices in Zanzibar have proved unsuccessful. The natives do not care for anything but for the various tribal dances.

London has over 90,000 deaf residents.

Rubber boots are being worn by pet dogs in Paris.

"What a debt we owe to medical science!" he said, as he put down the paper.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"—Chicago Post.

Captain—Supposing the barracks were to catch fire, what call would you sound?

Trumpler (newly joined)—Sure, sorr, I'd sound the "cease fire."—Punch.

While not much has been heard of the use of airplanes in the course of the Balkan war, it is known that they have been employed by the Bulgarians to some extent for scouting purposes.

Chicago street railways yearly collect over \$10,000,000 in fares.

China has schools to teach operation of sewing machines. Yankee idea.

Frost—Where do you get your hats, old man?

Snow—At cafes, usually. But once or twice I've been lucky enough to exchange at church.—Judge.

Magistrate—Why did you hurl a flatiron at your husband?

Mrs. Hitt—My motto always was: "Strike while the iron is hot."—Chicago Daily News.

SUGARTREE RIDGE.

Dec. 23, 1912.

The Farmer's Institute, held at the M. E. church at this place Monday and Tuesday was well attended.

Reuben Doggett and wife entertained their daughter, Mrs. Merc Sunday.

Several from here attended snow at Hillsboro Monday night.

Wm. Temple and family spent Sunday with Lew Igo and family.

C. F. Roberts was a business visitor in Hillsboro Saturday.

Clement Gaymon spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, here.

Godfrey Wilkin is sick.

There will be preaching at the Christian church next Saturday night Sunday morning and Sunday night by Rev. Barr.

Marriage Licenses.

Martin Dunnigan and Maggie Minzler, both of Lynchburg.

Scott Hastings, of Berryville, and Luella Walker, of Folsom.

Earl L. Surber, of Taylorsville, and Gabelle Roberts, of Mowrystown.

Arland Polk, of New Vienna, and Susan Mason, of Hillsboro.

Stanley G. Crumme and Margaret Perry, both of Greenfield.

Ova D. Cregg, of Hillsboro R. D. 1, and Elva Chaney, of Hillsboro, R. D.

James E. Beatty and Cleo Cockerill, both of Greenfield.

Ashton Lovett and Pearl Fawley, both of Hillsboro.

Elmont Donohoo and Carrie Lyle, both of Hillsboro.

Pearl Patterson and Madge Aldridge, both of Greenfield.

Otto Dodds, of Leesburg, and Alma Smith, of Hillsboro.

For Sale.

Two small farms, one consisting of 45 acres, well improved, good six room house, good barn 40 x 60, and other sheds; plenty of fruit and water; situated at Pricetown, Ohio. One tract of 30 acres near Danville, Ohio, fine old house and small stable, plenty of fruit and water. Will sell cheap if sold at once. Will sell one or both. Address Abram Aber, 2330 Harper Ave., Norwood, Ohio.

RAINSBORR.

Dec. 23, 1912.

Miss Helen Coleman, of Athens, is spending her vacation here with her mother and sister.

Harold and Edith Roads are the guests of their grandmother at Greenfield this week.

Misses Kathryn and Margaret Redkey spent Sunday with relatives at Paint.

Miss Grace Glenn, of Columbus, arrived Saturday for a week's visit with her mother, Mrs. Ellen Glenn.

Paul Ziegler, the butter maker of the Chillicothe creamery, was looking after business interests here last Thursday.

Mrs. Warren Harper and three little daughters, of Good Hope, are spending a few days with her parents, J. B. Davis and wife.

Miss Mary West, of Columbus, is here for a few days visit with home folks.

Rev. J. H. Davis occupied the pulpit of the M. E. church here on Sunday in the absence of the pastor, who was holding the closing services in a revival meeting at Dallas.

Howard Hodge spent Sunday with relatives at Greenfield.

Misses Mae, Beatrice and Elva Davis, of Cincinnati, are here for a few days visit with their parents.

R. W. McCullough, superintendent of our public school, left Friday evening to spend his vacation with home folks at Burbank.

The second quarterly meeting of the M. E. church will be held at Dallas 10 o'clock Saturday